Appetite of a People Pleaser

by GHOST and Pals ft. v4 flower

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Ideas forming out of thin air
These indulgences none can compare
So many flavors that one would abhor
Even though I've had enough, I still demand:

Give me more!

I need a whole personality
Something inordinately sweet
Order anything you'd like
Nothing's changing my mind

I don't care how unhealthy it is
'Cus there isn't anything I'd rather be

Call me obsequious, I guess I'm a bit dramatic
Sometimes my appetite is eerily erratic
Give me your dire expectations, and I'll consume perfection
You are what you eat, after all

Everything
Combines into one
So many flavors that one would abhor
And I know I've had enough, I've gone too far

Now that I've become a full-course identity
Take a bite of me
I hope that I've become a favorable delicacy
That I'm worth something

I'll eat 'em all, the thoughts of anyone I'll ever meet
Just to make them happy
Wondering why I'm a burden, or so it seems
Aren't I everything?

Maybe if I try a little harder, it will be okay
One day
Keep on eating more and more
Divide my life away
Into servings
And go beyond the point of no return

I know I'm subservient, but all of this is necessary
Sometimes my appetite is violently contrary
Irreconcilable perceptions appeal to my obsessions
The nausea is overwhelming

Whether I've been caramelized or rotten to the core
Which one should I be?
'Cus I dunno who I'm supposed to be anymore
And it's sickening

I'll overeat the implications of your thoughts
Just to make you happy
Nonetheless, I feel my insides are tied in knots
Aren't I more than everything?

I'm a recipe for entropy
I'm too overwhelming
Give me your validation
I can taste your apprehension

These flavors of personality are
Hindering my likeability
My impulsive desire, my appetite has
Spoiled my urge to satisfy

Everyone will like me more without it
Everyone will like me more without it

Now that I've become the perfect identity
Take a bite of me
I hope that I've become a flavorless delicacy
That I'm good enough

And now that I've become the perfect identity
What else do you need?
'Cus I dunno who I'm supposed to be anymore
And I'm starving

I'll purge 'em all, the thoughts of anyone I'll ever meet
Why aren't you happy?
Nonetheless, I know my insides are empty
Aren't I more than everything?

Ah!